The Sinner's Woods

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The Sinner's Woods

by Linzero

Summary

When FBI consultant Will Graham chases an escaped convict into the woods, they are both set upon by its guardian Wendigo. The Wendigo protect their forests by killing those who enter who are evil, and fostering prosperity on those that are innocent.

And as to which side Will Graham belongs to, that is for the Wendigo to decide……

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

When I said that Mercy stood

The world had narrowed to nothing more than black and white. White full moon in a black sky. White hills of snow crisscrossed with a maze of black trees. White clouds of breathe that Will raggedly expelled as he ran, dodging branches that he almost couldn't see for the black spots dancing in front of his eyes from the effort.

He'd been chasing Abel Gideon through the woods for nearly ten minutes now. Ten minutes at a flat out run through the snow. Gideon was about to claim yet another victim, but it would simply be from Will dropping dead from a heart attack, not by the psycho's hand or his scalpel.

The murderous surgeon had escaped from an ambulance en route from the Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane to the hospital, killing both paramedics. Jack Crawford had put out a call for all agents on deck, and Will had been the closest to the observatory where it was thought he was headed. He'd been alone, as was per usual. No one wanted to be the partner of an overly empathetic, nearly autistic loner; and because of his unique talents, he'd spent the majority of his career teaching instead of actually protecting and serving. It was a bland existence, one that grated on Will more and more every day.

He'd found footprints moments after arriving, and against his better judgement, had followed the trail without waiting for backup. He'd spotted Gideon in under two minutes and then the chase had been on.

The deeper they went into the woods, the more Will was regretting his decision. He hadn't wanted Gideon to get away – the man was now responsible for six murders, after all. More if the director of the BSHCI was to be believed. He maintained that the man was the Chesapeake Ripper, responsible for over a dozen bodies found in these very woods. The fact that Gideon had stopped the ambulance nearby enough to disappear into them led some weight to that theory. And if it was more than a theory, then Will was fucked. He had followed Gideon straight into his hunting ground.

And Gideon did seem to know the terrain. Will had lost sight of him twice, and while he was still following footprints, the occasional burst of blowing snow threatened to wipe those out and lose them both deep in the eerily silent heart of the woods.

If Will died here, it would be like the forest would swallow him whole. His body wouldn't be found until well into spring if it was ever found at all. This was an area where people went missing all the time. Here, nature continually won against the intrusion of man.

A blast of frigid air slapped him in the face and his eyes watered so badly that they closed involuntarily, desperate for a smidge of protection from the elements. That was all it took for him to lose sight of Gideon again.
Shit!

Will reached into his pocket with numb fingers, searching for his phone. There was still no signal, and no way to let Jack know where he was. Best his phone was good for now was the

flashlight feature, in hopes he could spot the next footprint.

He swept the light in front of him, phone in one hand, gun in the other, looking for signs of life. If he couldn't find the trail in a few minutes, then he would have to either pick a direction at random, or see if he could find his own footprints and follow them back to civilization. Will cursed his minimalist winter attire – if he'd taken one extra second to put on a scarf earlier, he could have had something to tie around a tree to lead more officers back to the spot later.

It was so dark and so blustery and he was so bent on looking for the impossible footprints, Will almost failed a peripheral vision check. It was instinct and muscle memory that had him moving to the side when a dark blur rather than a white one flashed by his left side.

A heavy tree limb whistled down right where his head would have been. Will rolled in the snow, dropping his phone in favour of raising his gun.

"Abel Gideon, stop or I'll shoot!" Will barked, trying to get enough distance to aim with a two-handed stance. Branches scratched at him as Gideon swung again, and Will ducked before he lost an eye, landing heavily on his ass in the snow.

Fuck it. Will fired blindly into the night, the blast of noise startling the older man just enough that the next swing went wild, and Will was able to grab onto the branch before it could be raised again.

Then, hands full of guns and branches, he was given a shove. Will couldn't get free and landed flat on his back, breath whooshing from his lungs. He scrabbled to get out from under the branch, losing his gun when Gideon kicked him in the ribs.

The heavier man dropped onto Will, and threw a punch at Will's jaw that Will only just managed to absorb with his forearm.

Bucking up with his hips, Will threw Gideon off of him and rolled in the snow, finding not his gun, but a rock that fit nicely into his palm. He slammed it into Gideon's jaw, stunning the older man.

The killer fell back, but not down. Will threw a knee into Gideon's solar plexus, doubling him over. Will took hold of Gideon's left wrist and pulled it behind his back as the man slowly tilted forwards into the snow. He snapped a cuff onto the restrained limb and reached for the other wrist. "Abel Gideon, you're under arrest. You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be – "

Gideon burst back up from the snow, Will's gun in hand. He fired with both of them off balance and a punch of searing heat hit Will in the shoulder. He let go of the handcuffs to grab at the injury, cursing himself as he did so. He dropped back into the snow, and snatched up his rock, flinging it with (all considering) excellent accuracy. It struck Gideon square in the forehead and his second shot missed Will by a mile. Will crab-walked backwards through the snow, aiming for the trees. Poor cover was better than no cover at all.

A third shot sailed right by Will's ear, so close he felt the breeze pass by the curls that were stuck to his sweat soaked temple. He stared up at the portly murderer, and Will could see in his mind's eye how Gideon was going to kill him. He would carve open Will's body, much like he had done to the paramedics; however, he wouldn't take the time to use the organs as Christmas ornaments. No, this time Gideon would turn his ribcage into a birdfeeder, giving whatever animals that were still awake for the winter a centerpiece for a gourmet meal. It wasn't a true design of Gideon's, no, the family annihilator's psyche was so twisted by the doctors insistence that he was a serial killer that he was testing his methods, trying to discern if what they had said about him was true. If he was even more monstrous than what his true crimes inferred.

"I guess this makes you lucky number seven." Gideon finally spoke, nasal tone full of dry sarcasm. "If it excuses anything, you won't be the last. I have some appointments to keep."

No gun, no phone, no backup, no hope. The world shrunk from black and white into tunnel vision that went straight into the barrel of the gun. Eternity and the End, all one colour.

Will took a deep last breath, and resisted the urge to close his eyes. For all the time he spent lost in the projections of other perspectives, he wanted his last moment to only belong to him.

He looked up, hoping for one last glimpse of the moon peeking through the black skeletons of the tree branches.

What he saw instead, was almost too much for his mind to handle. A shape was peeling away from one of the larger trees, branches seemingly attached to it as a perfect camouflage. It was long limbed and broad shouldered and it registered as person shaped just as it leapt from the tree and pounced on Gideon, biting so deeply into the back of his neck that the bones of his spine snapped like a twig.

Too shocked to be terrified, Will watched the entity tear into Gideon's flesh, clawed hands ripping through clothing and skin like tissue paper. The head dipped, and Will realized the creature had a full set of antlers, a wide spread like a full grown stag's. They were as black as its flesh and looked as solid as obsidian, with razor sharp tips. It tore apart Gideon's chest, digging out gobbets of flesh and organs and raising them to its mouth in a meal that was raw and relished.

Will finally found the strength to move, pushing himself backwards until he felt the hard bark of a tree under his hands. Pulling himself up slowly, he got to his feet.

The entity noticed, and mirrored him, pulling itself to its full height. *His* full height. Will could see that the creature was humanoid. He was antlered and clawed, but bipedal, around six feet tall with broad shoulders and skin so black that it seemed to absorb all the light. A light dusting of what Will would swear were blue-black feathers traced his shoulders and ran down his chest to his groin, in a dazzling treasure trail that captured and held the eyes, declaring that the creature was male.

Obviously male.

Frighteningly and blushingly male.

For a tense moment, they studied each other. Will forgot how to breathe as he stared into the creature's eyes and saw its interest in him. Its eagerness of him. He had been saved, been spared from Gideon's design on purpose because the creature wanted Will alive.

The creature stepped forwards and Will couldn't help but flinch. The involuntary spasm of muscle hurt his wound and he clutched at his shoulder. The creature cocked his head and sniffed at the air. Will swallowed hard. If whatever he was, was still hungry, there was no way Will could outrun him. Or fight him.

So he settled for the most ridiculous option.

"Hello." The word dragged across his vocal chords like sandpaper. Will's mouth was as dry as the desert. "Thank you for saving me from Gideon. Are you all right?"

And in a moment that was both wondrous and terrifying, the creature smiled at him.

A chill ran down Will's spine at the sight of the perfect rows of sharp white teeth. The mouth opened.

"Are you all right?"

Will nearly fainted. The creature spoke!

Was it really talking to him, or just mimicking him? One way to find out.

"I'm hurt – Gideon shot me. But I'll survive, thanks to you." Will didn't know how thick to lay on the gratitude, or if it even mattered. "My name is Will."

"Will." The creatures savoured the name like a fine wine, stepping closer. Will leaned back against the tree, the only space he could create between the two of them, however temporary. The creature loomed over him, reaching out with one clawed hand. Will flinched.

"For you."

Will looked down. The creature held up a bloody heart, still steaming in the frigid air. Gideon's heart, freshly torn from the ribcage. Shakily, he took his hand away from his shoulder and accepted the gift. He couldn't bring himself to say thank you. Luckily, the creature either didn't notice or didn't mind.

"You must eat to regain your strength." The creature stroked his fingers delicately through Will's sweaty curls. "I bring you the flesh of the evildoer; by my own hand he was slain. By my own hand, you will stay ever safe; by my own hand, you will be ever fed."

It was a gently murmured recitation, but Will hardly paid the unusual tenderness any mind. All he could focus on what it meant to be holding the bloody heart in his hand. If he didn't eat it, would the creature be offended? If he did eat it, what did that mean for him if he lived through this whole fiasco?

Against his whole nature, Will brought his gaze up to meet the creatures'. His eyes were a warm maroon, the only colour that seemed to exist in the night.

There was no deceit to be found in the gaze; no cruelty either. There was only the divine purpose of hunting one's prey for survival, like all apex predators.

And Will understood the desire to survive. Shaking, he raised the bloody heart to his mouth and bit down into the meat. It was warm and slick and Will fought not to actually taste it. Raw as it was, he could only manage to tear off a small piece. He swallowed it whole, keeping a strict control of his facial expression.

The creature looked delighted, and leaned in close enough that his antlers scratched patterns into the tree. Will could smell him now, a light spicy scent rather than animal musk. After his run through the woods and roll on the forest floor, Will couldn't even hope he smelled half as nice, though the way the creature was leaning in and taking delicate inhales near his face and neck seemed to disagree.

"What – *who* are you?" Will finally choked out, hoping conversation would keep him from having to eat more of the heart.

"I am the judgement of the woods." The creature stroked down Will's cheek, as if his words made perfect sense. "I am Wendigo, and all who enter that would do evil belong to me."

"Are you going to kill me?" Will couldn't stop the question from leaving his lips any more than he could have stopped the snow from falling. The creature nuzzled into his neck.

"No." The breath against his vulnerable pulse nearly made Will collapse. The creature continued. "You are full of a darkness born of suffering, but it is not evil. You are still innocent."

Will's life ran through the back of his mind and it almost occurred to him to argue with the creature, but had to concede that nature's idea of innocent probably didn't align with any church's. The creature gave another sniff and raised his head to look at Will again and smile.

"*Very* innocent."

Such a dry comment, but it lit a wild fire of embarrassment within him. Will was glad that he didn't have the blood to spare or he might have blushed. There was no way the creature could tell *that*.

"Are you going to let me leave?" Will licked his dry lips. "I promise I won't tell anyone what happened here. I'll just say that Gideon shot me and he got away. He disappeared into the woods and we're never going to find him."

He asked even though he already knew the answer, deep within his gut. It still weakened his knees to hear it out loud.

"No." The word brushed across Will's mouth like a kiss. "Because now, you are *mine*."

The creature tugged at Will's jacket, tearing it at his wounded shoulder. Will's fear paralysis broke and he pushed the Creature back, more fabric tearing as he wrenched himself free.

He didn't even make it three steps before the creature's weight hit Will mid-back and knocked him to the ground, face just inches from the mess that was once his would-be killer. The blood looked black in the moonlight, even on the disrupted banks of snow. Will stared into Gideon's empty eyes as the remains of his coat was pulled from his body.

"You will become a part of the forest now, Will. A part of me, too." Clawed fingers traced down Will's spine. "You will strengthen the roots of the trees and protect those who dwell peacefully within it." The collar of his shirt was pulled down.

"I've wanted this for a long time." What sounded a bit like a shy confession ghosted across the back of Will's neck with the creature's hot breath. "Thank you, Will."

The sharp pain of teeth struck and Will whimpered, expecting this to be his last second on Earth. But instead of the finality of a snap of bone, all he felt was a burning heat entering his blood.

"You can rest now, Mylimasis. I will take care of everything."

The heat slid through Will's body, making his limbs heavy. Poison maybe? He couldn't move and it was getting hard to keep his eyes open. He offered no resistance as the creature rolled him on his back.

The last thing he saw before his eyes fluttered shut was the sight of the moon framed by the creature's antlers as he straddled Will's body. A beautiful scene in black and white.

Then everything was black and there was nothing at all, not even Will.

Between the borders of the Wood

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will came back to consciousness slowly, too muddled to even be surprised he was still alive. He felt like he had the mother of all hangovers, entire body hurting in new and exciting ways, with his blood burning and skin stretched tight.

A conversation in another language seemed to be happening around him, punctuated by the odd rip of cloth. He was jostled, the motion irritating his neck injury and making it throb as a reminder of its presence. Will forced his eyes open.

He was lying in what seemed to be a pit in the ground lined with furs. Hundreds or maybe thousands of them. There was so much padding from the layers that Will couldn't feel the stone - it would have been luxurious if Will had been feeling well. Now, with the sound of a crackling fire nearby, and the sight of a dark stone roof over his head, all it did was give him an unsettling sense of being dropped into an unfamiliar and possibly unfriendly reality.

There were two people kneeling beside him in the middle of an intense discussion that Will couldn't understand a word of. At the moment, they paid him no mind, which suited Will just fine. He wasn't really ready for conversation just yet. He was too distracted by the antlers that rose from both their heads; an uncommon sight that was as familiar to him as it was unwelcome.

The woman was Asian with long black hair and her sparkling white antlers rose from her head in graceful tines. She wore a beautiful robe that gave Will the impression of healthy summer leaves and freshly bloomed flower petals, a riot of colour in a garment made elegant by its wearer. It reminded Will of a Kimono, and he wondered if the two of them had been speaking in Japanese.

The man was her opposite in every way. He was Caucasian like Will himself, light haired, and with a large rack of antlers that glittered like black diamonds in the firelight. He was large and broad shouldered, looking as strong as the woman did delicate.

And he was completely naked.

Will had never been so glad to be feverish – it hid the blush that crawled across his cheeks and down his neck. He couldn't stop staring at the male half of his nursemaids. The toned skin, the chest hair that graced the muscular torso and drew the eye downward to……Will forced himself to look back up as the man finished removing Will's belt and in a display of the immense strength in his gorgeously muscled forearms, tore Will's wet jeans into pieces and off his body.

Surprisingly, being nude brought him some relief. Could he have hypothermia from the time in the woods? Maybe the burning in his system was a fever. Was he hallucinating all of this?

“Hello?” Will croaked, startling both of the antlered people. “Who are you? Where am I?”

The man smiled at Will, and Will jolted to see the familiar maroon gaze directed down at him. It couldn’t be.

The woman stood and walked quickly over to the fire, retrieving a pot that to Will looked like a tiny clay gravy boat. She brought it over to the man and gave a quick lecture of some sort, ending with her collecting the sad remains of Will’s clothing and tossing them in the fire.

The man stroked Will’s cheek tenderly and then slid his hand under Will’s head, raising Will up. Will groaned and tried (and failed) to move away from him; the motion hurt his tender neck.

“You must drink, Will.” The spout of the pot was brought against his lips. “The venom will burn you hollow if you don’t take the catalyst. It will facilitate the change properly.” The man gave a little moue of embarrassment. “Really, it should have been given to you first, but I got ahead of myself.”

“Wha-“ Will intended to ask what the change was, what the medicine was, what the man meant, but opening his mouth accidentally implied his permission, and the bitter, earthy brew was tipped in. Will was forced to swallow or drown.

Will grimaced at the aftertaste, and it made the man chuckle. “I know.” He rubbed his fingers on Will’s chest soothingly. “I can still remember the taste of the heartroot well. It’s not in anyone’s first choice for tea.” He lay on his side next to Will, pulling one of the largest furs up over them both. Whatever animal it had come from, it was probably long extinct.

“But it will have you feeling much better very soon.” The air around the man’s face was beginning to sparkle with lights seemingly bouncing off his jeweled antlers, and Will suspected that the road to feeling better was going to be a hell of a trip. “How is your shoulder?”

Will rolled his head down awkwardly. “It’s sore.” But then again, so was his neck, and both were becoming less so. “What’s happening to me?”

“You’re becoming like me.” The man leaned over him, and peeled back the fur to look at the wound on Will’s arm.

“And what are you? Who are you? What’s your name?” Will’s priorities were starting to melt as the heat in his body faded from a burning sensation to a pleasant warmth, like he’d drunk a hefty measure of good Whiskey. The man smiled.

“My name is Hannibal. And *we* are Wendigo.” Hannibal bent his head and sealed his mouth over Will’s injury, sucking hard.

Will’s back bowed and he gasped at the sensation, the pain-that-was-not-pain of the bullet being drawn out of his body, the teasing pleasure-that-shouldn’t-have-been-pleasure as Hannibal’s tongue probed the hole and more venom filled the wound.

When Hannibal rose above Will once more, the wound was gone, skin as unblemished as a newborn's. Will felt languid against the furs, skin lighting with sensation in the feel of the warmth of the fire, the stroke of the furs, and the press of Hannibal's flesh.

He squirmed slightly, rolling against Hannibal in an effort to gain friction and some relief.

Pleased, Hannibal gathered Will to him, raising Will up just enough that Will could see the antlered woman at the mouth of the cave. Sunlight was beginning to trickle through the entrance, and she seemed captivated by it. Two more women joined her around the ever growing halo of light – another one that was dark haired and Kimono clad, and a second who was strawberry blond and in a frilled nightgown made of the same colours of the other robes. And all three had delicate racks of glittering, crystalline antlers growing from their hairlines.

It was an absolutely gorgeous tableau. Then simultaneously; all three women stepped out into the sunshine and transformed into snow-white deer, and Hannibal bit into Will's neck, right over his jugular.

Will cried out and one of the deer turned to look at him curiously; it (like the others) was so large, that if he didn't know better, Will would have sworn it was a stag. All white as the snow, with a curious fluff of what might have been gold feathers branching down from the shoulders along the breast. They had large racks of white antlers that looked strong enough to crack open tree trunks if they needed to. The trio strode out into the woods, sunlight glinting off of them like a beacon and Will finally squeezed his eyes shut against the sensation of Hannibal's mouth working at his pulse.

More venom was being pumped into his system. It was a curious feeling, more of being filled than of being drank like one would assume with a mouth at one's throat. Still, it was disconcerting. "Stop. Please stop." Will weakly tried to push Hannibal's face away from his neck. He could get his hand between them but didn't have the strength to follow through. "I don't feel well."

Hannibal released him with relish, his blood stained lips pressing against Will's forehead in a kiss. "I know, Mylimasis. The change takes a toll. Now that the elixir is in your system, the venom will help it work faster. The elements reaction is the change you need to fuel your radiance." He took the hand that Will had pressed against his cheek and brought the wrist to his mouth in another scary and sensual bite.

Will flinched, even as the heat of Hannibal's mouth sent shivers straight down his spine. Hannibal closed his lips around the disappearing wound with another kiss, and trailed his mouth down to the bend of Will's elbow, where he repeated the tender violence.

A whimper was all that escaped his mouth – Will didn't have the strength for anything else. His head was starting to pound, and he suspected the fever was getting worse. He just melted into the furs and watched Hannibal move over him, biting different pulse points along his body and igniting the oddest of fires in Will with each stroke of his tongue at the conclusion of each one.

It was when Hannibal pulled the fur blanket off completely and moved to push Will's thighs wide that Will's sense of self-preservation made a herculean push through the fog.

“No.” The thought of Hannibal’s perfectly white teeth, sharp and strong enough to crack bone near his groin was too much. “Not there. Bite somewhere else.”

“Shhhh.” Hannibal soothed, stroking down Will’s inner thigh so gently it raised goosebumps. (And, if Will was being honest with himself, started to raise something else too.) “I will not be putting teeth anywhere so delicate, Mylimasis. But your femoral arteries are good channels for the venom, and you still need more.” But for all his pretty words, the heat of his breath was moving along Will’s stiffening cock, and that vulnerability scared Will more than Hannibal’s other form chasing him down.

“No, please.” Will’s head hurt and the lightshow was getting more disorientating than pretty. “I don’t want you to bite it off.”

“I would never.” Hannibal’s voice rose, offended at the thought. Because apparently, that was where he’d draw a line. Will still couldn’t believe him.

“Please.” He begged shamelessly. “No more biting. I can’t take it.”

“Well,” Hannibal spoke slowly, considering. “There is another method, but while it is less violent, I believe you will consider it more invasive.” Hannibal trailed his fingers down the fine hairs gracing Will’s thigh. “I would be glad to administer it, but I’d hate to presume that you’d feel comfortable with it considering our short acquaintance.”

“No teeth?” Will croaked, looking to Hannibal for confirmation. “You promise?”

“No teeth.” Hannibal nodded patting Will’s knee soothingly. “But you’ll have to let me adjust your position accordingly, because it will involve my tongue.”

Too relieved that his person and especially his prick were no longer on the menu, Will neglected to pay any mind to what “the other method” would really entail. He just lay acquiescent as Hannibal moved around the piles of furs, first better cushioning Will’s head (which he really appreciated due to the tiny ache still present at the back of his neck and the slowly growing ones in his head) and then Will’s hips. Hannibal coaxed him into bending his knees and letting the older man slide several extra furs under his backside, puzzling him slightly.

Hannibal settled back between Will’s thighs, pulling Will’s legs over his shoulders. The heat of Hannibal’s skin against the tender flesh behind his knees gave Will a start.

“What-what’s the other method, exactly?” Hannibal’s head was dipping much lower than before and the brush of baby-fine blond hair against Will’s cock was giving him wicked ideas. Wonderful ideas. Ideas that made him want to take the risk of teeth.

“Did you know that your body can absorb moisture through the walls of your rectum?” Hannibal queried as his fingers delicately spread Will’s cheeks apart, laying the portal to aforementioned delivery technique to his gaze.

“No,” Will breathed. But Hannibal took that as his answer and not a protest and then Hannibal’s tongue was *licking* him, pushing against his hole and then pushing inside and oh

God –

Will forgot how to move, forgot how to breathe, forgot how to *be* while Hannibal's tongue forayed further inside him. He couldn't help but squirm, pain all but disappearing under the sensation of the hot, wet slide of pleasure that flicked in and out of him.

Will didn't care about the venom. The only thing he knew that was being injected into his system was *desire*. The more Hannibal's tongue stroked him inside and out, the more of it he needed. "Hannibal," Will writhed under the old man. "Please, I need more. I need…" Words failed him. What did he want? More tongue, more of a touch on his rock-hard cock? The innocence that Hannibal had teased about worked against him now. "Help me, please."

Hannibal crawled up Will's body dragging himself along Will's aching dick the whole way. "What do you need, Mylimasis? I will give you anything you want. Everything you want." Hannibal's voice was a heavy silk in Will's ear.

Will couldn't stop himself from wriggling against Hannibal's muscle-laden body, easing the ache of his hardness with the friction against the older man's. "I don't know what I want! I want to not hurt any more. I want to feel good. I want you to…." His voice trailed off. "I want you." Will blushed and squirmed against Hannibal again, feeling unusually wet underneath. Was the venom leaking out of him? It seemed too slick and copious for what Hannibal's mouth had been doing and for how long.

"I have wanted you for a lifetime, Will." Hannibal stroked his brow and Will cried out at the spots of pain he touched at the hairline. "Everything I have, that I am, is yours." Hannibal reached down to stroke the hot flesh that his ministrations had encouraged so.
"And I must admit, I am hopeful that you will share your everything with me."

Hannibal rolled his hips against Will and the younger man was suddenly reminded of what he'd seen earlier.

"I don't know if I can take your *'everything*'. It might kill me."

Hannibal kissed Will then, passion overtaking him. Will gasped against his mouth, lips soft as rose petals in a major contrast to the hard muscles that held him, the hard cock that slid against his own.

"I promise, all you will ever experience with this is a little death." Hannibal whispered against Will's lips and gave him a wink. Coaxing Will to wrap his legs around Hannibal's waist, the older man let his hand trail back down to brush against Will's leaking cock before taking his own in hand. Will complied with some trepidation, feeling the broad head of Hannibal's dick brush against his dripping hole.

"Tell me that you want this Will." Hannibal paused suddenly, with both of them trembling with anticipation. "Tell me that you want me."

"I do." Will's voice was terribly small. "I want you. I just…..I don't know what you want from me. I don't know what to do."

“Accept all of me.” Hannibal nipped at Will’s lip. “You’re the only one that can.”

Accept all of him. Body and soul, the monster and the man. ‘Accept me.’ It was a plea that Will could hear echoing from Hannibal’s heart. *‘Need me.’* Something that Will had been wishing for all his life, too. *‘Love me.’* And Will could.

“I do.”

The small sob that escaped Hannibal surprised Will, but not as much as the slow press of Hannibal’s cock inside him. Instead of the pain he expected, his body opened eagerly for the tantalizing slide of the thick head into his most vulnerable flesh.

“Oh!” Will wrapped himself around Hannibal, ankles locking around his hips and arms clutching at his shoulders as the older man pushed deeper and deeper inside. There couldn’t be so much room inside of him to fit Hannibal’s dick. There shouldn’t be. The more he took, the more it seemed like there would be none of him left, Hannibal would just crawl inside him and take over.

And Will would love every second of it.

Sweet nothings in a dozen languages were poured into his ear as Hannibal strained above him to move slowly. Will’s body was pierced with so much more gentleness than teeth; with that relief he relaxed to allow Hannibal even more leave to push inside him, melding them both so close he couldn’t tell where one of them ended and the other began.

Will cried out again as Hannibal was finally fully sheathed, so deep in Will’s body that Will should have been able to taste him. Will was so full that Hannibal’s cock rubbed magnificently at all the secret spots inside him that pulsed with pleasure with every breath.

The slow drag of Hannibal pulling out made Will whimper, but he wasn’t empty for even a second before Hannibal pushed back in, a little faster and a little harder. “Are you all right, my darling?” Hannibal didn’t stop but he did cup Will’s face in both hands, forcing eye contact. “What do you feel?”

“I feel you.” Will whispered to his captor, his maker, and now his lover. “I feel your venom changing my blood. I can feel your body working inside of me – it’s all you. It’s like you’re the only thing that’s real.”

“I’m as real as you.” Hannibal’s breath puffed softly along Will’s cheek. “The heat of your body, the slick of your passion, the strength of your spirit, they’re all real.” Hannibal kissed him. “Together, we’re the forces that make up the universe.”

Will moaned softly into Hannibal’s mouth and Hannibal picked up the pace. There was no give to their earthy mattress, and Will had no leverage or way to brace for the impact of Hannibal’s body driving into his own. All he could do was take it. Every gathering of muscle as Hannibal drove into his untried body was like steel wrapped in silk and the brunt force rocked Will into a sensation beyond pleasure. It was like he drifted out of himself and into a vast ocean of bliss, sinking into the bottomless depths of ecstasy. Will didn’t know about himself or the universe, but Hannibal was a force of nature as he pounded into Will with the

strength of the Earth, the fury of the storm. The power used awakened an echo of the same deep in Will's belly, the coil of pleasure growing like a rumble of thunder building to an explosive crescendo of the tempest.

"Hannibal!" Will let himself be swept away by it all. Seed poured out of him, coating the two of them in the delight of his submission and Will could only rock harder into Hannibal's body, needing as much contact as their bodies could give.

A fierce triumph spread across Hannibal's face at Will's spending, and all control was lost. Hannibal's hips drummed into Will faster than ever, flesh working its way ever deeper into the younger man's depths.

"In Blood I marked you." Hannibal whispered harshly in Will's ear, reveling in his exertion. "By Seed I claim you. With Oath I bind you. Forever mine, forever more."

Before Will could ask what he meant, Hannibal surged one last time, the hardest of all, punching a gasp out of Will and then a rush of heat hit him, a shock to the senses that made the venom seem like water. The flood of Hannibal's seed into Will seemed to take root, sending a frisson of energy through him, renewing his vigor and finally making him feel better. The pain in his head seemed to burst away in a wet rush that had Will close his eyes in relief.

And he stayed still like that, trying to catch his breath as the frantic rush of pleasure slowed to gentle aftershocks. Hannibal's weight settled atop him, and Will was surprised how much he liked it. He felt good. Better than good. Will couldn't think of the last time he felt so whole and healthy.

Hands cupped his face, thumbs wiping away all the moisture that seemed to be running down Will's face. He must have been sweating terribly from the fever breaking – he certainly wasn't crying.

Finally cracking his lids open through the gluey mess, Will looked up to see Hannibal beaming down at him, fingers stained with blood.

"Look at what you have become, Mylimasis. You're absolutely breathtaking."

The blood was his own. Will stared into Hannibal's eyes seeing an image reflected that he could barely process. The man held in the maroon gaze was as terrifying as he was beautiful, with eyes a crystal clear blue peering out of a mask of blood. The skin had split at the edges of his hairline and emerging through his chestnut curls were two small black pedicles, each beginning to form a black antler, as razor sharp and as black diamond bright as Hannibal's.

"What have you done?" Will couldn't breathe.

"Exactly what I said I'd do." Hannibal nonchalantly stroked Will's cheek, cleaning away more blood, which he then licked off his fingers. "I made you *mine*."

And to be Hannibal's was to be like Hannibal. Will was the monster now.

His vision started sparkling around the edges and he swooned, going limp beneath the hard body that still pinioned him to their primitive mattress.

“Rest now Mylimasis.” A kiss that turned into a quick swipe of a tongue was pressed to his forehead. “You’ve earned it.”

The sparkling dots swarmed over him then, and unable to take another moment of self-discovery, Will let himself be swallowed by the blinding white light.

Chapter End Notes

No matter what form he's in, Hannibal is a manipulative little bugger.

I meant the lenient Beast with claws

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The second time Will awoke, he was in Hannibal's arms, being carried bridal style through a series of tunnels. Glowing lichen on the walls lit the darkest crevices, while Will could swear he could see daylight at the end of several channels. How far did they go? Where did they all lead to? He'd never heard of such a cave system in Baltimore.

He squirmed in Hannibal's arms. How long had he been carrying him? "Put me down, please."

"Shhh, Mylimasis. You're coated with the leavings of the change and our loving. I'm taking you to have a nice restorative bath, and then we can talk."

"I can walk to the bath myself." Will took hold of Hannibal's shoulder to pull himself upright in the man's arms. "I'm not some delicate little teacup that shatters after some….rough handling." The blush was fighting its way back onto Will's cheeks.

"No, you're certainly not." Hannibal's grip tightened, shifting Will almost imperceptibly into a more secure hold. "But a newly opened bride deserves extra courtesy from their consort. Especially if they are as fierce as a little mongoose preparing for a snake."

"I'm not a *bride*, and you are not my…. " Will cut himself off as they walked out of the cave and into the warm summer afternoon of an Oaken forest. "Wait, where are we? This isn't Baltimore."

"No, this is the forest of Yu no Sato deep in the Hakone Mountains. It's hot springs have great restorative properties."

"Hakone Mountains? When did we get to Japan? *How* did we get to Japan? How long was I asleep?" Flustered, Will forgot all about trying to get freedom from Hannibal and focused on getting answers.

Hannibal smiled, looking dazzling in the full light, not bothered by his nudity in the elements all. (For that matter, Will was also surprisingly fine. Was he not cold just because he was cradled in Hannibal's arms, or was it because he had been turned into a similar monster?)

"The caves we use are connected to all the forests of the world. They're what allow us to keep the woods healthy and safe."

"The whole world?" Will's jaw dropped. "Are you telling me you just walked from Maryland to Japan using a tunnel *through the Earth*?"

"I believe it's not quite as simple as that." Hannibal walked them into a small clearing that had lazy puffs of steam drifting their way. "The magic in the caves is as old as the Earth, and

where once all the land was joined, remains the memory and the passages."
"I don't understand."

"That's all right. Lady Murasaki has travelled these paths for hundreds of years, and I believe she still has mysteries about our existence to uncover. No one expects you to absorb everything so soon." Stepping through the last layer of trees, Hannibal brought them to a series of steaming pools. "Here we are. We can soak in the springs, and talk of consorts and mysteries."

Stepping over the stone border, Hannibal sank them both into the first pool. Will gasped as the waters reached up to swallow him whole, heat cradling his body like he'd returned to the womb.

"There you are." Hannibal soothed, dipping Will back so his hair and antlers were engulfed as well. "You'll feel much better once we've gotten you clean."

Will should have protested that he could clean himself. But the indignation that he thought he would feel at being washed like he was helpless melted with each stroke of Hannibal's fingers across through his hair. It didn't feel like condescension. With the look Hannibal was giving him, it was more like reverence.

Will floated in the water, in the security of Hannibal's arms and let himself slip into Hannibal's psyche, his empathic abilities not dimmed in the slightest by his transformation.

Alone. Even before I lost everything and everyone that held any importance to me, too few understood my true nature. My singular uniqueness kept me separate from family and making friends and once I was found, once I was changed, once I BECAME, there was no hope of ever connecting. While I have been blessed with the power like the others, I am still not like them. I am always so alone.
But I can see the potential in Will. He is different, and so may appreciate others that share that trait. I will teach him to hunt with me; to SEE ME, and together we will feed off the evil that enters the woods in the night and grow strong with our love bond in the day.
And I will NEVER be alone again.

Will blinked, sliding back into his own mind, his own thoughts. Hannibal was still looking down at him. "Stay with me, Will." Hannibal tenderly swiped a wet fingertip across each of Will's bloody eyelids, making it much easier to see him.

"Where would I go?" Will curled in Hannibal's arms, managing enough of a sit-up that it was easier for Hannibal to let him stand on his own. "You and I have begun to blur. I'm not sure I would survive separation at this point."

"I have no plans to ever leave you." Hannibal took Will to the edge of the pool where there were seats carved into the stone. Setting, Will in one, he took another directly across from him. "Were you thinking that now that your transformation is finished, we wouldn't need each other?"

"I think *I* will need *you* for a very long time, since I don't know anything about….what I am now. You have no reason to need me." Except for sex, and Will didn't quite know how he felt

about that kind of trade just yet. “We have a very unbalanced power structure between the two of us.”

Hannibal trailed his fingers through the water, considering Will’s words. “I can see why you would feel that way. Let’s rectify that, then. A conversation. Ask me anything you like. I will try to fill in any details that may be lacking.”

Well, it was definitely a start. “You’ll really answer all my questions?” Will probed suspiciously. Surely it couldn’t be that easy.

A smile from Hannibal. “I will. And I’d like you to answer a few of mine.”

And there was the catch. But as quid pro quos went, this one wasn’t bad. “Alright.” Will licked his lips and tried to find a good starting point. “You said you – *we* were Wendigo. I thought Wendigo were humans that turned into cannibalistic monsters. What are Wendigo?”

“Wendigo are the protectors of the forest. The males destroy those that would bring in evil to poison the heart of it, and the females bring life and magic to strengthen it.” Hannibal’s face took on a new animation. “Together we will shape the future of the forests of the world. It will be our design.”

“So we’re not a band of insane cannibals, doomed to wallow in torment for eternity?” Will felt a cautious flare of hope. Hannibal shook his head.

“You are as sane now as you were last night.” Hannibal settled back in the water, reclining a little. “Unless you feel otherwise.”

“With everything that’s happened to me? Yes, I feel like I’ve gone insane.”

That pulled a small smile to Hannibal’s lips. “Was it so unpleasant then? Or was it just that it was all so new?”

Will fidgeted, and was surprised that it didn’t hurt him to do so while seated on stone. “Unfamiliarity can be unpleasant for some.”

“It can. Or once conquered it can lead to pleasure in tastes previously unimagined.” Hannibal remarked casually. “I hope to share many new things with you, Will.”

Will stared at the water, his reflection distorted from the waves. “So we do eat people then?”

“In our second form, most definitely.” Hannibal confirmed. “The more evildoers you consume, the stronger you will get. In this form, we can eat a varied diet. Meats, vegetables – anything a human can eat. I must admit, I often save some of the flesh of some of my kills to cook and eat in this body as well. It’s delicious when prepared properly.”

Will’s stomach churned and he worried that it was from hunger. But how could he wrinkle his nose at Hannibal? He’d already taken a bite.

Time to talk about something else. “How long have you been a Wendigo?”

A pause. “What year is it, please?”

That couldn’t be a good sign. “It’s two thousand and thirteen.”

“Two thou – it *has* been awhile.” Hannibal mused. “I was turned in the winter of nineteen forty-four. So it’s been sixty-nine years since I’ve been human. Give or take a few months.”

“Sixty-nine years! But you don’t look…” Will trailed off. “Do….do we stop aging?”

“Of a sort. The body stops at its peak. If you still had the need for maturing or growth, you would age until you reached it.” Hannibal’s eyes flickered up and down Will. “I don’t think that will be relevant in your case.”

Will would have blushed, if he didn’t feel there was still so much unsaid. “Did you need to continue aging?”

“Yes.” The answer was quick and bitten, but Hannibal deigned to continue after a breath. “I was eleven years old when Lady Murasaki found me.”

Will’s jaw dropped so far, it probably grazed the water. “Eleven? Good Christ, and she turned you into….she didn’t…I mean you didn’t have to….be changed the same the same way I was?” Will bit his tongue at his own cowardice.

Hannibal’s eyes sparkled with mirth. “I was given the same elixir you were, yes. If you are asking if Lady Murasaki and I have ever been lovers, the answer is no. She has been loyal to her mate Robert, even after his death.”

“Death? So we *can* die?”

A purse of lips. “Yes, but not as so mundanely as through violence. When the last tree of your birth forest dies, so will you. The remainder of Robert’s forest was razed for a new city to be made. The cave paths lead to it no longer.”

“Birth forest – do you mean where you bit me?” Will couldn’t imagine Hannibal meant the swamps of New Orleans where he’d been born. Hannibal nodded. “So Baltimore for me – where is your birth forest?”

“Lithuania.” Hannibal’s eyes softened. “I was born both as a human and as a Wendigo in Lithuania.”

“And Lady Murasaki’s would be in Japan?” Will cautiously probed. Hannibal nodded.

“Yes. As is Chiyoh’s. Miriam’s is in Virginia.”

Will licked his lips. “Why – why did all the women turn into deer in the sunlight?” It had been a beautiful sight to behold, but a puzzling one. “Do we turn into deer?” Even as he said it, Will could have face palmed. The two of them were sitting out in the sun right now. Obviously they weren’t changing into deer.

But mercifully, Hannibal treated the question seriously, instead of pointing out Will's idiocy. "Female Wendigo have deer as their second form. It allows them to walk among the forests' flora and fauna without disturbing nature's balance." Hannibal smiled and gestured to his own body. "You've already seen my second form. Yours will be the same in the moonlight. We need a strong predator form to remove the evils that would enter."

"So in the daytime we're human…ish and in the nighttime, we're…..monsters?"

"Wendigo. We are *always* Wendigo. Hannibal told him gently. "And we are not monsters, Will. We are as close to God as He will allow us to be. Protectors and Nurturers, Smiters and Creators alike."

Will shivered. "I don't think I like the idea of being God-like, either."

Hannibal raised a hand to gently stroke Will's cheek. "I think it would suit you. To be worshipped as the Lord of the Wild Hunt; to be crowned with bone and consecrated with blood. You would be magnificent."

Will was too warm from the hotsprings to tell if he was blushing. "No one is going to worship me."

"I will." Hannibal slid through the water until he was pressed up against Will's side. "You will be the fount from which I receive all blessings." His hand tilted Will's chin until Will was forced to look up and meet his eyes. Will licked his lips nervously, and Hannibal took the motion as an offer, stealing in for a taste of his own.

Will gasped into the kiss and let Hannibal deepen it, the wet slide of the other man's tongue hotter than any hot spring the world had to offer. Hannibal's hands left Will's face and slid down in the water, thumbing Will's nipples before wrapping around Will's waist and pulling him close.

"Shall I demonstrate the path a pilgrim takes as they make their way to pledge themselves to their Lord?" Hannibal whispered against Will's lips. Will shivered and tentatively placed his hands on Hannibal's shoulders.

"I thought….I mean….you said you were being considerate after…the last time." Will weakly protested. "Shouldn't we wait for a bit longer?"

Hannibal's lips smoothed against Will's brow. "You should be healed by now. Our physiology is gifted with great recovery power. If not, all the more reason we should mate again. Until you've fed, my seed will be the main source of your strength. The more you receive, the better you'll feel." Hannibal ran a finger along Will's antlers, causing water droplets to sparkle along the shining black tines. "Sharing essence has long been a way to imbue life within another."

Hannibal nuzzled Will's neck and Will felt his protests slowly die in his mouth. The tenderness was foreign to him, but oh, felt so nice. Hannibal pulled Will close to him, coaxing the smaller man's head down to his chest. Hannibal's heartbeat was a soothing

rhythm, and Will allowed himself to rub his cheek against the soft carpet of chest hair in reciprocation.

Hannibal hummed in pleasure, and his fingers trailed a path across Will's lips down to where his jaw met his neck. A gentle pressure at his pulse, a check of confirmation of Will's excitement, Will's life – and Hannibal was standing, pulling Will up with him and turning him until the two of them faced out into the forest.

Hannibal nipped at Will's earlobe. "I must admit, it's no hardship at all to provide for you this way. Should you have difficulties hunting, I would be happy to supplement your diet for some time." A hand slid along Will's flank until it reached his mid-back, pushing him down against the stone gently. Will bent until his chest touched the wet stone, the cool air caressing the flushed skin of his backside. It mirrored Hannibal's gaze, Will could feel the touch of his eyes licking along Will's form as fingers grasped his buttocks and separated them, to expose the puckered entrance that the other man had so recently become acquainted with.

"And what if I wanted to take you instead?" Will challenged weakly, while Hannibal began to press kisses down his spine. "Would you let me?"

"Of course, Mylimasis." Hannibal paused in his teasing. "Once you have fed me the heart of your kill, and given me a mating bite, my body will be yours as much as my heart is."

"What's a mating bi-*ite*?" Will jumped when Hannibal covered Will's body with his own. Draped over the smaller man, Hannibal had aligned them so the head of his prodigious cock was right up against the tender hole. Not entering him, at least not yet. But reminding Will of what exactly Hannibal planned to provide for him.

"Surely, you haven't forgotten." Hannibal breathed heavily across the back of Will's neck and it sent shivers through his body. The pain from the first touch of Hannibal's teeth had faded, but unlike all the other bites, the mark was still present. A flick of tongue outlined the mark and then Hannibal struck, setting his teeth firmly back in their original imprint.

Will gasped, arousal snapping through his body like lightning. His dick sprang to attention, instantly aching and leaking like Hannibal had been teasing him for hours.

And his dick wasn't the only thing that was leaking. Will was dismayed to feel an odd slickness dripping out from his ass and down his thighs. Though it didn't feel like he'd - "What's happening? What is that?"

Hannibal licked the mark again, resulting in another rush of heat and gush of fluid. "That's just slick, darling. These bodies might heal quickly, but there's no need for unnecessary damages." A hand slid around to Will's chest, tweaking a nipple and then pinching when Will arched back into him. "Creating slick is just your body's signal that I can have you."

"So much for verbal consent," Will grunted and pushed up against the rocks. Hannibal grabbed Will's hips, stopping the motion and then pushed inside the wet welcome his body had provided with one slow stroke.

“There’s much truth to be found in body language, Mylimasis.” Fingers trailed down the backs of Will’s thighs, gathering slick and then reaching around to grasp Will’s rock hard shaft. Will whimpered, hips rocking into Hannibal’s hand. “Though, should you wish to tell me to stop, I will.”

Of course, he hadn’t been given that choice *before* being filled. Will couldn’t help but squeeze his inner muscles around the massive cock that was now the centre of his being. Both of them gasped and Will rutted into Hannibal’s hand for more friction.

“Oh, *Will*.” Hannibal sighed in his ear. “All your firsts will be with me, and I will make sure each is worthy of your magnificence.”

“I’m not sure I’m going to be able to live up to such expectations.” Will panted as Hannibal pushed him back against the rocks and held him down with a hand tenderly encircling the mating bite on the back of his neck. The slow drag of Hannibal’s cock pulling out of him brought tears to Will’s eyes and he bemoaned the loss. A second of complete emptiness, and then Hannibal thrust back in with vigor, hitting Will’s prostate with laser-like precision.

Will squirmed in Hannibal’s hands; one adding to his pleasure with every stroke, the other keeping him captive to the sensations. He was a prisoner to both their desires, and it was glorious.

“Expectations are illusions. They disguise reality, and detract from it horribly.” Hannibal drove into Will’s body hard, sending sparks of pleasure dancing up Will’s spine. “Focus only on the moment, Mylimasis. Focus only on *me*.”

Will rolled his hips, luxuriating in the feeling of Hannibal pistoning in and out of him. “So the expectation I have of cumming any time soon…..?”

“I think you’ll prefer the reality I have planned, instead.”

Hannibal picked up the pace and Will had no recourse but to enjoy the ride and let his mate have his way with him. And he had no doubt that Hannibal would continue to do so with gutso until Will started killing with him.

And surprisingly, the thought of murder didn’t wilt his dick in the slightest. Will could actually see himself bringing Hannibal a bloody heart and Hannibal’s delight in the offering. They would share the still warm organ, Will knew that Hannibal would insist upon it. They would feed each other bloody strips of meat, and when the flesh was gone, Hannibal would submit to Will’s mounting with the smug pleasure of the devil leading another soul into damnation.

Much like what Will was sure was on Hannibal’s face now, even as Will’s body tightened around him like a vice, orgasm coiling in his belly almost violently.

“Yesssssss.” Hannibal nearly growled the praise as Will’s release coated his fingers. “That was beautiful, Will. Your body is responding wonderfully to having a mate.” Hannibal fucked Will all the way through his orgasm and the resulting oversensitivity.

“Hannibal…..” Will whined, overwhelmed with sensation. His body couldn’t decide whether it was getting sore from the pounding it was taking, or whether it was being roused for a second round. “You need to cum, I need you to finish.”

“You’ll get my seed when I wish it, and not a moment before.” Hannibal gave Will’s re-hardening cock a gentle squeeze, eliciting a loud cry from Will’s throat. “Until then, you’ll just take what else I give you, for however *long* I want to give it to you.”

The hand on Will’s dick finally granted him some mercy and swept back up his thigh, pulling at his ass cheek and exposing Hannibal’s foray into his hidden portal to the air. Fingers traced where they joined, startling Will and making Hannibal press down harder on his back to keep him captive. His own dick twitched and filled back to full mast, the fastest recovery time he’d ever had.

“Now, now. You can take much more than this, Mylimasis. It’s just a matter of your mind adjusting what it thinks your body can handle.” Hannibal’s drives were getting harder, punctuating his words with deep surges into Will’s very being. “Many more new experiences await.”

Will sighed, settling his hands under cheek to keep his face from scratching against the stone as his body rocked back and forth from Hannibal’s strength. Movement from the trees caught his eye and Will pushed back against the stone in alarm, pushing back into Hannibal and impaling himself deeply on the cock still buried in his ass.

“*Will*.” Hannibal sounded close to a swoon of his own while Will stood, gasping at his wonderful mistake. A hot spurt inside him triggered his own orgasm, and Hannibal wrapped his arms around Will, holding them both captive to the moment.

And the blue eyes that were staring at them both through the thick grove of trees widened in surprise. A young woman, wind chafed with auburn hair watched as Will painted the stone with his spunk.

“Jesus Christ! I-ah!-Uh, Hannibal, we’re not alone.” Will choked out, still overwhelmed by simultaneously being filled and emptied of seed. “We’re being watched.”

Hannibal rested his chin on the top of Will’s head, catching his breath. “No need to worry. It’s probably one of the natives. Apparently there’s a legend here that if a young woman gazes upon a Wendigo before marriage, it guarantees a male firstborn.” Hannibal pulled his softening cock out of Will’s body, which left Will in a confusion of relief and disappointment. “When Robert was still alive, he and Lady Murasaki blessed this area often. I think there must have been a healthy community from the safety and ecological bounty they created.”

“So now every time you come to have a bath, you have an audience?” Will sank back down into the water, to be cleaned and covered once more. Hannibal shrugged.

“Wendigo are a communal living space species. I think you’ll find that there’s going to be an audience for many activities.”

Will sincerely hoped not. “Is there anything else I need to know? About Wendigo or magic or whatever is going to happen to me next?” Hannibal just smiled and sank to his knees in the water beside Will.

Taking Will’s hand, he raised it to his lips. “Whatever happens next, it will be a matter of what happens to *us*. From now on, I will always be by your side.”

Yet another massive difference from Will’s human life. Someone promising to be with him. *Wanting* to be with him. Someone who didn’t want Will to be alone.

Will tentatively curled his fingers around Hannibal’s, watching as the older man’s eyes lit up with delight.

Maybe some new experiences were worth giving a try after all.

Chapter End Notes

Finally, Will and Hannibal get to have one of their *conversations*. No office though, couldn't quite work in the wealth angle for my forest spirts. ^_~ Instead, went for the bath scenario, and it provided us with all the exposition for background information and excuses for smut we'll ever need. It was handy to be able to flesh out my version of the species - I really wanted them to have more of a mythos than just eating people. I mean, it's still a big part of it, but at least there's a little more magic to the why of it, you know? ^_^

And Bloody swift-dispatching jaws

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will found his quarry standing in a stream, lowering a squirming sack into the water. His mouth tightened, though he didn't know if he was baring teeth in a snarl at the man's actions or smiling at the opportunity presented to him. He eased his way across the branches of the giant oak and positioned himself above his target.

Will and Hannibal had found the car idling at the edges of the woods less than thirty minutes ago and Will had started tracking its owner with Hannibal's blessing. Through Hannibal's (self-proclaimed selfless) dedication at mating with Will every opportunity, Hannibal declared him strong enough to try hunting on his own.

Will dug his claws into the tree limb. He had to admit, he was in great shape. He was stronger than he'd ever been, and faster. He'd never been so agile – his bad shoulder was beyond healed.

And his senses were technicolour sharp. He could hear the rapid heartbeat of the sacks' contents, and its terrified whine. The smell of bad aftershave, worse than anything that Will ever wore assaulting his nostrils. Even in the night of the new moon, he could see the green of the grass, the blue of his target's shirt. And in a minute, he'd be able to see the true red of the man's blood.

Best of all, his antlers had started to fork, gaining more tines, a sign he was gaining power of his own. They were nowhere near the size of Hannibal's, but they'd do.

The man had no fear or guilt about what he was doing. He wasn't looking over his shoulder to make sure no one was watching. He wasn't looking up or down the line of trees for possible predators. He certainly wasn't listening to the frightened little yips coming from the bag as the water swirled around it. Will dropped.

He struck his target deep between the shoulders, tearing through muscle and vertebrae like tissue and twigs. The man was able to cry out only once, before dropping face first into the water. He likely only lived for a few seconds more, but Will hoped it was long enough for water to begin to fill his lungs, so he could feel the horror of the crime he'd tried to commit. Will took the still wriggling bag in one hand and the body in the other and dragged them both to shore.

He opened the bag first, releasing a small brown puppy that tumbled forth onto the grass with a small bark and then a sneeze. Will smiled, and held out a claw tipped hand, allowing the pup to sniff at his obsidian skin. Another sneeze and then a tentative taste at the mess still coating his fingers. Will chuckled and reached back to the corpse.

Ripping into the man's abdomen, he removed the liver and offered it to the pup. The treat was accepted eagerly and the pup settled in the soft grass to eat.

“We could have used that to prepare tomorrow’s dinner.” Hannibal’s voice floated down from the trees, though not in a reproach. The larger Wendigo jumped down beside Will as he cracked open the man’s ribcage. “The whole organ is likely too rich for a puppy.”

“Greedy.” Will teased as he combed through the gore of the torso. Finding the heart, he freed it from its veiny tethers. “Isn’t this all we need?” Will offered the still warm treasure to Hannibal, aiming for a seductive tone. “What you wanted?”

Hannibal smiled, sharp white teeth stark against his black lips. “Say the words, Mylimasis. Say them, and I am yours.”

Will swallowed, suddenly oddly nervous. He gave lectures to classes of hundreds of students all the time, it shouldn’t be so intimidating to say what amounted to wedding vows to only one person, but it was. “I bring you the flesh of the evildoer; by my own hand he was slain. By my own hand, you will stay ever safe; by my own hand, you will be ever fed.”

Hannibal accepted the dripping organ with reverence, and not taking his eyes off Will, tore into the meat. Blood dripped down his chin, and the sight made Will’s mouth water.

“Now you.” Hannibal whispered, bringing the meat to Will’s lips. Will took a bite of the heart, a much larger one than the first time they’d performed this ceremony. It was a fast, messy meal, but it felt right.

Will stepped up to the older Wendigo and pressed his bloody lips to Hannibal’s. “Are you mine now?” Will wrapped his arms around Hannibal’s neck.

“Always.” Hannibal stroked Will’s cheek. “Now choose wisely where you will set your teeth.”

Wisely, unwisely, Will could easily press his mouth to the broad muscles of Hannibal’s chest. He placed a kiss to the upper breast tissue, just to the side of the feathers that dusted Hannibal’s shoulders and down his chest in a V- pattern. There, just above the nipple felt like the spot where Hannibal should bear Will’s mark.

Will looked up, seeking permission or blessing, he didn’t know. Hannibal cupped his head tenderly to hold Will’s lips against his skin.

“Now, Mylimasis. Take me *now*.”

Will bit down.

The flesh and blood that filled his mouth was *divine*. The taste on his tongue was ambrosial, manna from the gods; if this was what Wendigo flesh tasted like, it was a wonder that Hannibal hadn’t eaten him whole. And sinking teeth into someone’s mating bite didn’t just make their mate ready; Will’s dick sprang to full rock hard strength in a split second, prepared to service Hannibal in which ever manner he so wished.

The growl that came from Hannibal reverberated through Will, making his stomach flip in anticipation.

“Now come and reap the rewards of your labours.” Hannibal pulled Will down to the ground, rolling them so Will was on top of him. “I’m more than ready to be claimed by my mate.”

Will kissed Hannibal again, nipping at his lips and licking up the blood. Hannibal shivered underneath him, and ground his hips upwards. He wasn’t lying about being ready. Will delicately trailed his fingers down Hannibal’s chest, being mindful of both his own claws and the wound he’d already inflicted.

“How does this work in this form?” Will slid his hands lower, not yet ready to try grasping such precious flesh. “I mean, with claws and fangs….”

Hannibal locked his legs around Will’s waist and his own claws scratched down Will’s back, grasping Will’s rump and pulling him even closer. “In this form, foreplay isn’t required.” He raised his head to touch Will’s. “And if you don’t penetrate me in the next minute, I will wrestle you to the ground and have you for myself.”

Will gave a huff of a laugh and then lined himself up with the wet welcome of Hannibal’s entrance. He gave a careful push and the tip of his cock slid in with little resistance, the squeeze of the muscles a pleasure rather than an obstacle. The slick he’d been told about did its job magnificently – he wasn’t as massive as Hannibal, but he wouldn’t have ever called himself small. But Hannibal took his cock like Will had been working him open for hours.

Paradise. Hannibal’s body was everything Will had ever wanted in his life. As hot as blood and welcoming as home. No wonder Hannibal spent all their spare time fucking Will. It was miracle he ever pulled out. He could have devoted the rest of his life to being inside Hannibal.

Still, he inched in slowly, and Hannibal squeezed his buttocks hard, letting the claws dig in a little as a warning.

“Mylimasis, the concern you show is touching, and I wish to enjoy many nights with all forms of lovemaking, but right now I want you to be the fierce and beautiful predator that I know you are.” The dig of the claws made Will gasp, but not in pain. “Isn’t that what you’ve been waiting for?”

Yes.

Will felt a growl of his own climb out his throat and dug his own claws into the dirt beside Hannibal’s head. Extra leverage granted, he thrust into Hannibal with an almost vicious snap of his hips and they both cried in out in triumph at the taking.

There was no more time for tenderness. Or inclination. Will pounded into Hannibal like he would pierce his heart from below. He could see himself snarling in the reflection in Hannibal’s eyes and the sight of his fangs, the points of his antlers slowly beginning to spread like the tree branches and it gave him a dark thrill. Why shouldn’t he take his mate as hard and fast and as often as it pleased him? Hannibal was *his*, and would submit to Will accordingly.

Hannibal panted softly under him, and Will shifted his weight to change his angle of attack, searching for the spot inside Hannibal that would give him the almost unbearable pleasure that he routinely inflicted on Will. It took him a few tries, but when Hannibal's neck arched and his claws scratched up Will's back, drawing the hot ichor that ran in their veins, Will knew he was well onto satisfying his mate. Hannibal's self-control was impressive, and Will wanted to know; wanted them *both* to know that he could cause Hannibal to come undone as much as his mate could do to him. That they would be equal as hunters and lovers, and would both share blood and seed and sow death among the evils they found had ventured into their woods.

The slap of skin hitting skin echoed through the woods, the only sound louder than the passive burbling of the stream. That wouldn't do at all. Will kissed Hannibal roughly, fangs drawing beads of blood along his black lips and then dipped his head to sink his teeth back into mark.

Hannibal howled.

Will left the wound alone before the urge to worry at it caused more damage. Instead, he rained a mix of kisses and love bites (bite being the key word) on Hannibal's neck and shoulders. The small wounds punctuated his thrusts like lyrics to music, with Hannibal's gasps being a lovely accompaniment.

Hannibal's grip on Will, hands and orifices alike tightened almost unbearably, and a blast of heat erupted between them, striking and then dripping down Will's chest and onto Hannibal's torso. Will would have bayed to the moon at his success if he hadn't been so concerned with not immediately following his mate. He could feel his release boiling up inside him, and it would be soon, but not before he completed the ritual.

"In Blood I marked you. By Seed I claim you. With Oath I bind you. Forever mine, forever more."

As Will spoke the last few words out loud to Hannibal, the Wendigo shuddered and locked eyes with him. The heavy emotions playing behind the maroon gaze struck Will unexpectedly, and tears welled up in his own.

He wants me; he claimed me as his own, just like I hoped he would. Like I wished and prayed he would and now we're bound together forever. He's mine like he's supposed to be – I am NOT ALONE. We're…..family.

"Forever, Will." Hannibal whispered to him aloud, echoing the oath and his thoughts. "I am yours, forever." Clawed fingers reached up to brush along Will's cheek. "And I find myself in great joy at the knowledge."

The tears fell then, and Will came in a sobbing, breathless rush, filling Hannibal in what felt like a pouring of his soul into a worthy vessel. Joy wasn't a strong enough word to describe the connection he felt to Hannibal in that moment. He'd spent far too much of his life alone too. Together, they'd never be cold or abandoned ever again. Together, they'd be a force to protect the woods from all of the sinners who would enter.

Together, they'd be home.

A cold nose touched Will's flank as he pulled his only slightly softened cock out of Hannibal's body and Will nearly tipped forward and impaled Hannibal on his antlers in surprise. The puppy was done with his meal, and now that Will and Hannibal were done with their playtime, he had decided it was time for his.

"Rude little thing." Hannibal made a shooing motion at the puppy, who just danced around the waving claws, and gave a happy little yip.

"He just needs a little training." Will coaxed the puppy to come over and gave him a gentle scratch above his madly wagging tail. "I used to keep dogs back in Louisiana with my dad. I can teach him how to behave."

Hannibal sighed. "If you must. But he's not getting any more of the meat until we've eaten."

"That sounds fair." Will picked up the puppy and let the little mutt cover his bloody chin in enthusiastic, slobbery kisses. "Winston will probably need a nap soon anyways."

"Winston?" Hannibal raised a hairless brow.

"Yeah. He looks like a Winston to me."

"Well, see if you can get Winston situated and come join me. This is your kill, and I want to make sure you get the bulk of the energy." Hannibal walked over to prod at the corpse. "Luckily, he looks like he was a sturdy fellow. There should be enough meat on him for two."

"So we'll only be looking at the one kill tonight?" Will stroked the squirming puppy and set him down, approaching his mate, who had begun the butchering process to more easily access the cuts of meat he wanted. "Shouldn't we travel a few more forests? See if there are more visitors that seek their own ends?"

"No, I think I would like to return to the nest." Hannibal's eyes danced mischievously. "A wedding night comes only once. I'd like to consummate our union again this evening, and maybe a few more times come the morning as well."

Will smiled back, shaking his head, already seeing the future unfolding. Days spent with Hannibal mounting him ferociously in the piles of furs, while Lady Murasaki looked on fondly. Chiyoh and Miriam chasing Winston up and down the cave passages, and out into the sunlight where Winston could both chase and guard their deer form. Nights spent with Will and Hannibal combing the woods in search their prey, and enjoying the reverential silence their mere presence drew from the occupants. They were known here. As protectors. As monsters. As Wendigo.

It gave Will an inner peace he'd never had when he'd been human. Now that he was with Hannibal, he wasn't lonely. He wasn't an outcast. He had every right to just be what he was and be loved and valued for it.

“Will?” Hannibal pulled him back from his musings with a siren call. Will looked into the maroon gaze that caressed his form with affection. Claw tipped black fingers stroked gently down his cheek, offering more care and love that Will had known in his former life. “Aren’t you *hungry?*”

And he was. Staring down at the body, once a waste of flesh shaped like a man; now transformed beautifully into dinner, Will found he could eat.

“Come, Mylimasis.” Hannibal coaxed, and held a strip of meat out to his mate. “Let us devour this pig so that we may put the energy to good use.”

Will chuckled and opened his mouth so Hannibal could push the flesh between his lips. They would eat and gain strength from it, and then Hannibal would make good on his promise and make them stronger still. The vivacious Wendigo cycle of life, only available after human death.

It was good. It *felt* good. And more than that, sitting by Hannibal’s side and watching his obvious delight at Will joining him, it felt that Will had finally found his appetite.

Chapter End Notes

And now we've come full circle. Will and Hannibal are happily mated monsters and have both found peace in their lives. While they serial kill their way around the globe. Living the dream, right?

(And of course, Will has found a dog, because our little Graham cracker can't have domestic bliss without a few puppers around. ^_^)

End Notes

Poem that heads all the chapters is credited to a Lawrence Spingarn and is found in Thomas Harris' "Hannibal Rising".

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